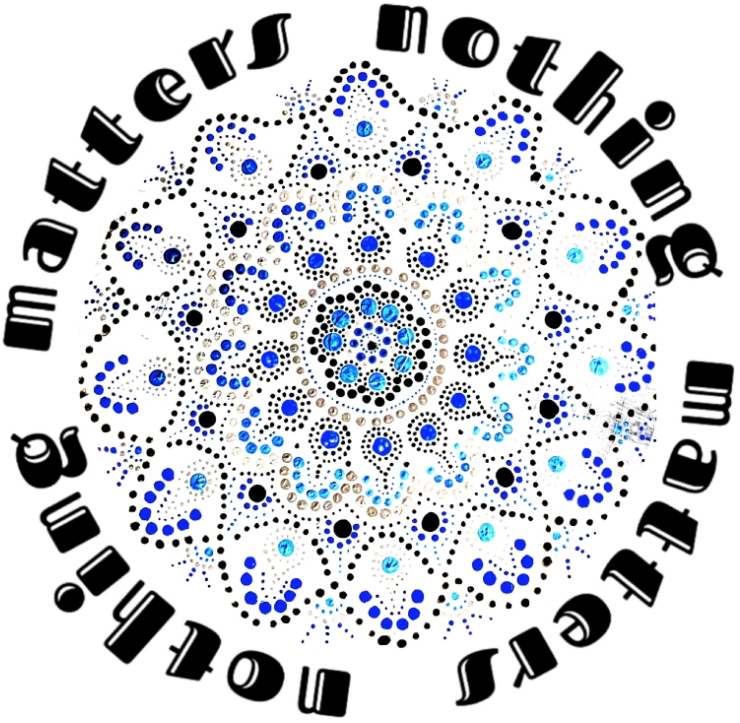
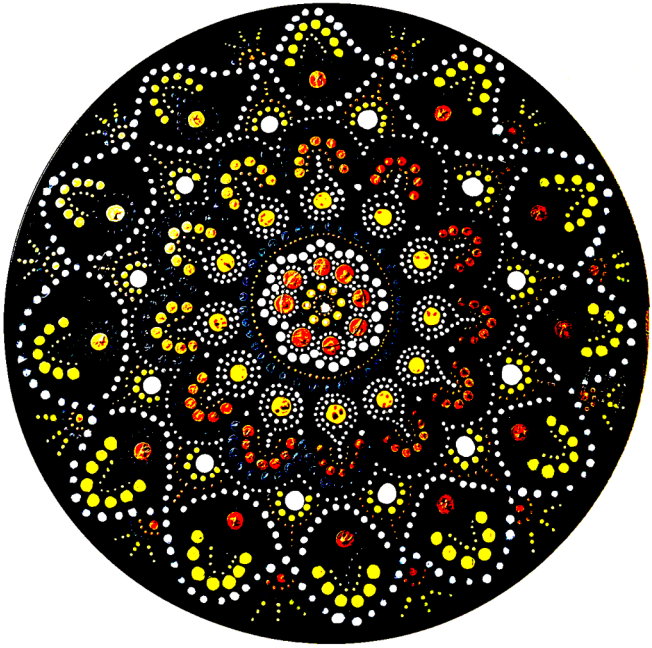


a book of haiku
and micro poems

biswajit mishra



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NUN PROPHET PRESS

Dedicated

to my departed parents Rangadhar and Urmila,

who brought the clay out

and

to my high school teacher Sri Maheswar Rana

who broke the mold

Praise for

NOTHING MATTERS

Biswajit is a highly accomplished haiku poet known for his creative and experimental use of imagery. He aptly titles his collection "*Nothing Matters.*" The collection showcases a diverse range of forms, including one-line haiku, parallel haiku, concrete haiku, micropoems, experimental poetry, and haiga. It reminds me of the classic essay, "The Shape of Things to Come: Form Past and Future in Haiku," by Jim Kacian. Biswajit justifies with his skillful wording: "aQUESTIONswerS," and I feel "*Everything Matters*" in the contemporary structural form with artistic impact. He is at his best with the monoku when he transcends human-centric poetic energy: "the son I was my son." Biswajit is philosophical when he pens, "minutes waiting from one end to the other of seconds." The art of brevity and inventiveness adds wisdom to the words: "time tunes / shapeshifting / days dunes." Expressing gratitude to nature and mindfulness of life, the poet expresses: "fistful of monsoon / I count/ my blessings." Indeed, the resonance would continue to linger beyond the finishing line: "none the less owned home."

– Pravat Kumar Padhy, Ph.D
Touchstone Award for Individual Poems Panelist

a book of haiku and micro poems

biswajit mishra

Introduction

DEVIDUTTA BISWABHARATI

Age 12: I write a poem for a class in school. I call it *The Laws of Nature*. Something about how certain things are "fundamentally wrong", as if they are "outlawed by nature". Think: murder, deceit, villainy. My teacher likes it. I excitedly bring it home to show papa (dad). He likes it too, but he asks some follow-up questions.

"Why do you say they are laws of nature?"

"Well, aren't they? Didn't you teach me that killing is bad?"

"Sure, but according to whom?"

Age 16: I write another poem, this one particularly angsty. Something about wanting to be remembered despite not feeling like I have achieved any form of greatness. In it, I pose the question (inspired by Macbeth): "Is life just a brief candle?". This time papa writes one in response:

Life is just the river bed; it stays where it is and the water of time flows through it.

Age 23: Inspired by a long-awaited trip I take to India, papa writes a poem describing his anticipation for my journey. The second-hand excitement for an opportunity for me to rediscover distant roots. On the flight back home, I write an accompanying poem from my point of view. Of everything I learned during my trip. As I write, I begin to understand him more too. I paint images of his childhood from brushstrokes of my own upbringing.

Age 27: Reading through the pages of this book, I am reminded of years of learning from papa. I don't want to call them lessons, as it doesn't capture the spirit of his teachings. Maybe they would more accurately be described as his observations. Observations on:

Morality
Whimsy
Beauty
Purpose (and many times the lack-of)
Emotion
Curiosity
Boredom
Inspiration
Excitement
Adventure
Grief
Nature

I hope you enjoy the following poems written by my father, and can truly experience them without the burden of feeling like anything *needs* to matter.

...deep dive into midnight oil...

aQUESTIONswerS

potter's wheel
the dirt and I
in form

every tide
wets me
shore sand

no in yes in vase in water cut flowers

minutes waiting from one end to the other of seconds

all that thunders in the manhole

past growing interest

...nulled by coffee grounds

only V in the departing geese

fall begins
surrounded by stalks
a scarecrow

fall
ing
in
to

w i n t e r

distant
p e a k s

f l u

r r

i e s

driving

through

the night

some will hold

some will let go
night flurries

long night

every clock tick claws out
a piece of the rest

midnight *a tree hole*

musings *awaiting*

ceaseless *sunrise*

super moon *shining*
rising *snow banks*

too close *behind*
too cold *murky ridges*

just above *what you get*
a wheelbarrow *from the slush pile*

cold cuts *hot pursuit*

this cold
December night

some lights
still on

ours translucent
under eavestrough

storms somewhere
seem growing

not visible
to eyes

sibilant simmer
inside head

stuck

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in a deep sheet
of ice not yet
but still
who knows
halfway

...from the world of ten thousand things reflecting...

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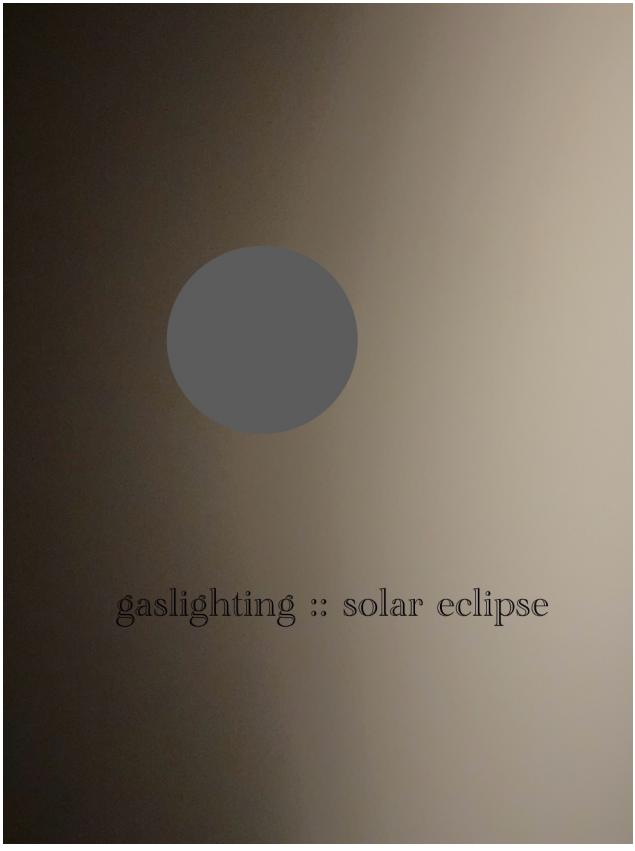
t

the setting sun
at the head of the bike path
blinds me
the same way I look in awe
at acquiring knowledge


gaslighting :: solar eclipse

limiting infinity myths sitting within

cross legged sitting still full of things

trapped without a verb rime frost

exhausting
everyone else on the treadmill
too fast

one way highway
one after the other
awaiting their turn

triage
who's going
to be called next

veryday

xisting

time tunes

shapeshifting

days dunes

conch story
susurration
of the ocean

s(ee)ing past the moonless night a gre(at)y owl

moonless night
I return
to myself

complete thaw

there is nothing else
to prove

stillness	stillness	stillness	s
maybe	briefly	seriously	t
	the verb		i
by	on	in	l
the bed	the bed	the bed	.
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			.
			.

new move
dismantling furniture
with creaking joints

a room with a view beyond the fence up

summer dreams
a caterpillar enters
pupation

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a house finch calls
the door side lilac too
wakes up

growing days
poplar buds awaken
a frozen pond

spring breeze
a kite rises above
the temple bells

hiking
the mountain and I
hold our ground

peak summer
the city park full

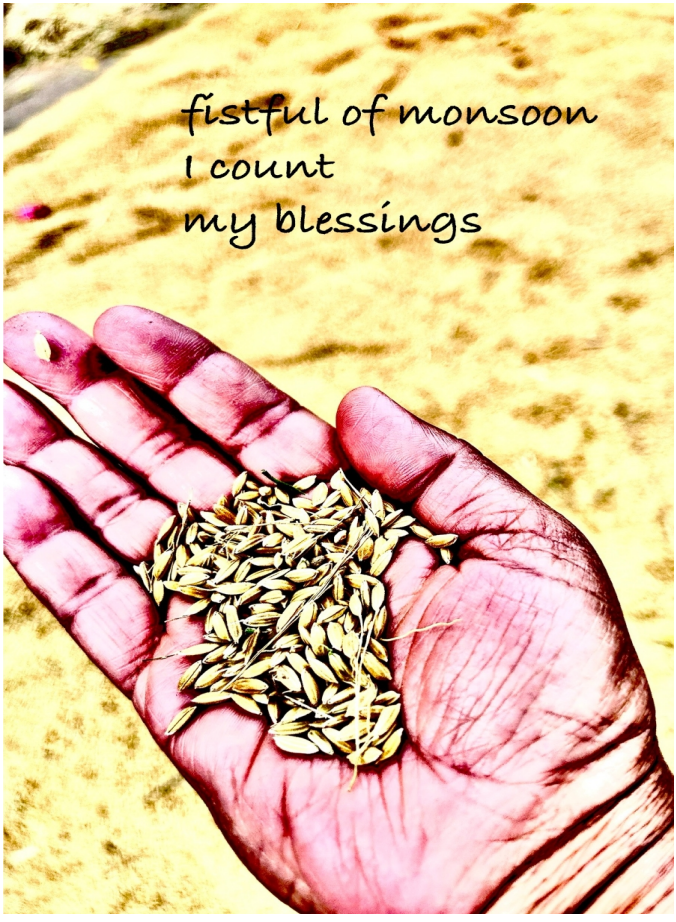
of. ...bbbbb<>^^^ BB
b~~>>B..iii)...
II..rrrrRRR,,,,rrrrr..dddDD
Ddd .#####ccc..CCc
caaaaAAaaalllLL##

.....lllllllllll.....llllllll...
sssSSs.....SSSSssssS...,,,,,,

uninterrupted
by attention
wildflowers

everything plays into everything creeping thistles

nothing matters
in the empty soccer field
clovers


fistful of monsoon
I count
my blessings

some story how we flow back to nature

palimpsest
my father leaves behind
me[1]

the son I was my son

[1] Leaf Journal of the Daily Haiku

just letting me know I am here clock ticks

none the less owned home

Check out these other Nun Prophet titles!

BREVITY – Noah Berlatsky

CARAVAN – Melissa Dennison

DELTA LENSCAPES – Jianqing Zheng

FIRST DAY OF THE REST – Chin & Hough

FOUR HORSE PARABLE – John Hawkhead

FURY OF MY FART – Adjei Agyei-Baah

HUSHPUPPY – Kelly Moyer

MANSIONS OF THE MOON – Kathy Watts

THE MASK OF MATSUSHIMA – Tim Gardiner

MOTHER POMEGRANATE – Kelly Moyer

POURING LIGHT ON THE HILLS – Chin & Onyedikam

PRESSED BETWEEN PALMS – Adele Evershed

RAISING EYEBROWS – Susan Burch

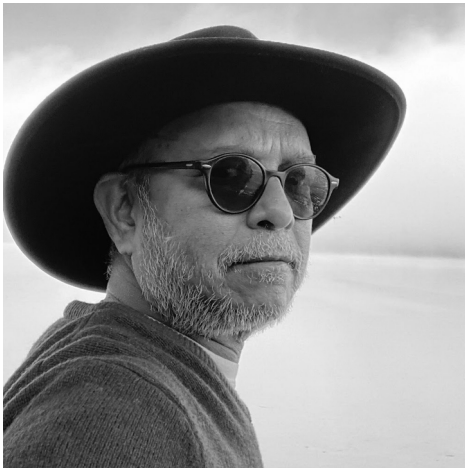
RICE AND BEANS – Jerome Berglund

ROSE PERIWINKLES – Vipanjeet Kaur

THE SUN SETS TWICE – Tim Gardiner

VARIATIONS ON THE PLANETS – Ettinger & Gilbert

WAITING FOR AN ORACLE – petro c.k.



Biswajit Mishra *is a bilingual poet writing mostly in English and occasionally in Odia. His poems have appeared in magazines including Frogpond, Modern Haiku, Heron's Nest, Canada Haiku Review, Presence, The Other Bunny, One Art Haiku Anthology, Cattails, Asahi Haiku Network, and Triveni Haiku Katha. Mishra's poems have won awards and honorable mentions. Biswajit was born in India and lived in Kenya for a few years. He and his wife Bharati currently live in Calgary, Canada.*

MISHRA'S CHAPBOOK IS RATHER LOVELY. I ENJOY THE WAY HE EXPERIMENTS. IT'S AVANT GARDE AND ALSO A LITTLE SPIRITUAL, EXISTENTIAL, HUMOROUS AND PLAYFUL. I LIKE HOW HE PLAYS WITH REPETITION.

- **MELISSA DENNISON**, CO-HOST *RE:VIRALS*

BRIDGING MOMENTS STEEPED IN WAITING, LIKE SEEDS IN A FARMER'S HAND, BISWAJIT CATCHES THE READER OFF GUARD WITH PLAYFUL BUT PRECISE ATTENTION TO FORM AND THE SPACES IN BETWEEN.

- **LUKE BRANNON**, EDITOR *5HAIKUSPOKEN*, CONTRIBUTOR *PRUNE JUICE*